Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

A CHILD'S LETTER.

Turning old letters over,
As the twilight begins to fall,
The gem of them all I discover,
In a weak, insignificant scrawl;
With clumsy and artless unfolding
Of infantile thoughts, half a-whirl,
And the poor, blotted page still holding
A single soft, colorless curl.

Uneven, misspelt, but how tender
And winsome! "Dear papa," I read;
"Dolly's broke so I never can mend her,
And Pussy's made mamma's hand bleed."
Printed words intermixed with the written,
But how sweet! And they hasten to say:
"Nursy's tooth aches, I've tearded my mitten,
Nothing's good now, with papa away."

Only childish prattle on paper,
But how freshly hit off each event,
Formed of this or that fancy or caper
That made her existence content;
And now on the paper she'll drop a
Round snip of her prettiest curl,
Knowing well it will gladden "poor papa,"
Because from his own little "gurl."

Ah, again and again do I kiss it,
With her image still fresh in my mind!
And that artless child's love, how I miss it,
Since no more with my life 'tis combined,
Save as Death, the light-footed purloiner,
By Love is run down in the end,
And as Faith still abides to rejoin her
In the heights she was first to ascend!

Back, back, with the rest, I return you,
Dear missive, more treasured than all!
And again in the past I inurn you,
As the shadows, deepening, fall.
Once more in the casket I set you,
And turning the key I depart,
No fear that I'll slight or forget you,
Your words are engraved in my heart.

—*Nathan D. Urner, in N. Y. Sun.*

MEN'S WAYS.

Mary Swift sat gazing uneasily first at the clock, then out upon the street. She was evidently expecting an arrival, and there was a look of anxiety upon her mobile face. But that was not all; she seemed to be annoyed, and at times her lip quivered as if she were almost ready to cry. On the whole, the dominant expression of her features was one of sore disappointment.

Mary had not been sitting there long; in fact, she was too much disturbed to admit of quiet anywhere. She had gone to the piano and played mechanically several of Howard's favorite tunes; she had stood a long while before his little case of books, pulling down one volume after another, and seeming to read a page or two in each; she had rearranged the pictures and bric-a-brac on the mantel, had adjusted each piece of furniture in the neat sitting-room, and, with that wonderful tact which belongs to some women, had restored to it the easy, home-like attractiveness which gives an indescribable charm to the plainest apartment, and which Ann, who came in to sweep that morning, had disturbed. It was, indeed, a pretty room, into which the sunlight stole cheerfully through the slats of the closed blinds, and a puff of air laden with the scent of apple-blossoms came in at the open window and filled it with perfume.

The newness of everything about her was a confession that Mary had not been long a housekeeper; and it seemed out of keeping with that first sweet June morning to hear none of those pleasant snatches of song with which the house usually resounded when she was alone, and to see her naturally sunny face so cloudy and sad.

Mary had been unhappy for several days. During the spare time after her morning duties were performed she had been restless, and allowed her thoughts to wander back over the six weeks of her married life, and had put a touch of regret into her reveries, because her maiden dreams had not been fully realized. Not that Howard had disappointed her expectations—no, she could not say that, for he was as affectionate as ever, watchful to help her when he was at home, and as full of polite little attentions as when he was simply her lover. He was all that was noble, too, and his love for her was even deeper and tenderer now she was all his own. Nor had she been mistaken in his tastes or attainments. Howard was a good scholar and an enthusiast in his profession; he was industrious and successful. They still enjoyed reading the same books together, and discussing the same subjects that had first attracted them to one another, and nothing pleased him more than to have her play and sing to him after the evening lamps were lighted, her favorite music.

They were by no means rich, and from motives of economy had begun housekeeping in an unpretentious cottage a little out from the center of the thriving town where he had established himself in the practice of law. They had furnished it tastefully but inexpensively, and Mary had undertaken to do her own work, with the help of Ann, who came in twice a week to do the washing and sweeping. No couple had ever begun their joint life more happily than did Howard and Mary. They had means to supply their modest wants, and their prospects were as bright as the June morning on which the young wife was introduced to the reader.

Mary had found the housekeeping a little hard at first, and experienced some mishaps, as all beginners do; but Howard had been so indulgent and helpful that she soon forgot the aches in her fingers and feet when he came home. Then he had undertaken to do the marketing when he went to his office, and to see that things were sent home in season for dinner. To be sure, he forgot to leave the order twice the first week and three times the second; but that was nothing. It was a new care to him, and her deft hands and ready ingenuity could easily prepare a dinner of things already in the house. But Howard's memory did not improve with increased experience. The light inconvenience his forgetfulness first occasioned grew to be an annoyance, and, without his being aware of it, his pretty wife was sorely tried and often puzzled to devise acceptable meals.

At first it was an easy matter to excuse Howard's carelessness, and it really pained Mary to see how sorry he seemed to feel about it; but the trouble was, he did not do better. As the weeks went on, Mary became unhappy about the matter, and vexed at having her plans so often frustrated, until she actually began to question whether Howard could be so negligent if he really loved her. And this was the problem over which she was pondering when the story begins. That day she was expecting company to dinner, and Howard had promised faithfully not to forget her errand. But the things had not come, and it was time for the beef to be in the oven if it was to be done at noon. This was why she had been so restless all the forenoon, and was at that moment noting the time and looking down the street to see if the market wagon was in sight.

The expected guest was Howard's Aunt Hepsey, a Quaker lady of whom he was very fond, and whose virtues he had praised so much that Mary, who had never seen her, was prepared to love her equally well. Howard was to meet her at the train at noon, and bring her home with him; and Mary was anxious to fail in nothing that devolved on her as a good hostess. But now what could she do? It was too late, even if the meat did come, to cook it for dinner, and it was too far for her to go to the market for anything else. She was sorely troubled, and, what was worse, she indulged in hard thoughts about him whom only a few weeks before she fully believed she should always love and trust implicitly.

Very opportunely for Mary, she saw approaching a butcher's cart which occasionally passed the door, and hastened down the walk to stop it. It contained no choice cuts, for the man had gone his usual rounds, and what remained had been culled over by all his customers. However, Mary selected some indifferent steak and some lettuce not the freshest, with which she contrived to provide a comfortable repast by the time Howard and his aunt arrived. It cost her a decided effort to greet her husband with a beaming smile and the accustomed kiss, but he was so eager to present his aunt and note their meeting that he did not observe the traces of tears or the disturbed look she wore; and not until the three were seated at the table did he remember his neglected duty. He was about to frame an apology, when a look from his wife caused him to withhold it, and nothing occurred to inform Aunt Hepsey that she was not served as well as her niece had intended. Nor was the matter alluded to afterward. But for several days Howard was quite thoughtful, and that very evening came home bringing a box of fresh berries for tea and a nice slice of salmon for breakfast.

Mary's trouble seemed to vanish with the arrival of Aunt Hepsey, and she very easily came to believe, what she most wished to, that Howard had corrected his only fault. Then, too, the presence of a third person in the family, to whom they both desired to show every attention, diverted their thoughts from each other in a measure, and kept Mary from dwelling on the cause of her unhappiness. A week passed, and she was beginning to forget the whole affair, or, if it did not entirely pass out of her mind, to fancy it was only a temporary thing, and not one of Howard's bad habits.

Howard, on his part, soon let the matter slip from his thoughts. Business crowded upon his attention, and he worked with unwonted diligence in order to gain time for another purpose.

"Mary," said he, as they sat at breakfast, "wouldn't you like to have me get a carriage to-morrow and take you and Aunt Hepsey for a long drive? I think I can get away by ten o'clock."

"And be gone all day?"

"Yes."

"Well, that would be capital! and we'll carry a lunch with us and have a nice little picnic in the woods. But to do that I shall have to make some cake and other things to-day; and you must order what I need this morning, so that it will be sent home with the dinner."

Howard very readily promised to get all that was wanted, and Mary made him write the articles down in his note-book, and charged him, as he was about to start: "Now, don't forget the sugar or the eggs for the cake; and one thing more—send home a tongue, so I can boil it to-day; it will be so nice to take with us."

"Yes," answered Howard, as he shut the door and walked briskly away, "I'll remember;" and he ran back and kissed her again.

As soon as the breakfast was cleared away, the young housekeeper began with a light heart to get ready for the day's cooking. She sifted the flour, picked over the raisins, and buttered the tins for the cake, so that when the things came she might be all ready to use them. But an hour passed and they did not come. Mary, though she could not help feeling a trifle uneasy, would not allow herself to think for a moment that the order had not been given, when so much depended upon it. Surely, Howard would not forget that day; so she sat down and read to her aunt awhile to pass away the time. Thus another hour went by, but nothing came; and thus Mary, her work delayed, her plans thwarted, and her pleasure utterly spoiled, retreated to the shelter of her own room and gave vent to the bitterness of her disappointment in a burst of tears. All the old doubt returned, bringing with it the miserable questionings which, as she was quite unable to answer them, served only to magnify her trouble. The same Mary who two hours before believed herself the happiest person in the world, was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that it seemed to her as if no other woman was ever half so wretched. How long she might have nursed her grief in secret it is impossible to say, had not Aunt Hepsey, who missed her, began to call her and wander about from one room to another in search of her.

At this summons, Mary, who had forgotten her duties in her troubles, aroused herself, washed away her tear-stains, and tried to meet her aunt with a composure that would not betray her feelings. But the effort was vain, for Aunt Hepsey read her secret, and more than half divined how matters stood. With that wonderful tact which is the peculiar gift of all dear, good aunts, she soon found means to extort from Mary a full confession of her disappointment, and even the doubts that had begun to unsettle her faith in Howard's affection.

"Now," said she, when Mary had confided to her the whole affair, "let me advise thee. Thee knows that men's ways are not as our ways, and thy husband is just as kind to thee at heart as a man could be, and cares for thee even more than thee suspects; but like all busy men who have had but a short experience with housekeeping matters, he forgets, and doesn't realize how much inconvenience it causes thee."

"No, and he doesn't care!" broke in Mary.

"O, yes, he does, my dear," said her aunt, soothingly, "only he can not realize what an annoyance it is. Now, don't thee be impatient, and I will tell thee a way to cure him; thee must manage him a little. Instead of trying to get up a substitute when he fails to provide the dinner in season, let him see the consequences of his neglect by coming home and not finding any."

"Why, I couldn't do that, auntie," exclaimed Mary, her feelings suddenly changing to pity. "I couldn't let Howard come home tired and hungry, and find no dinner ready for him; it would be cruel."

"No, it wouldn't hurt him a particle, child; and can't thee see that it would be better for him to realize something of thy disappointment than for thee to have all thy happiness spoiled?"

"But Howard would be offended, and perhaps he would not love me so well if I did that."

"No, dear; I understand Howard quite as well as thee does, for I have known him ever since he was a baby; and thee may trust me, the experiment will work well; and when he finds that he can not have a good dinner ready for him unless he provides it, thee will have no more trouble about the matter."

"But, Auntie, I couldn't let him go back to the office without anything to eat!"

"Well, thee can give him a cold lunch afterward, if thee feels inclined to; but try my plan and thee will not be sorry for it."

After some hesitation Mary decided to follow her aunt's advice, though not without some misgivings about the effect. "Shall I set the table?" she asked.

"Why, to be sure; set it just as nicely as thee can, and put on thy covered dishes as though everything thee expected to have was ready, and thee was keeping it warm for him."

Mary complied, and presently Howard appeared in unusually good spirits, for matters had gone well with him that day. He had won an important suit in which he was counsel, and the anticipation of the morrow's pleasure made him very happy.

"So your dinner is all ready," said he, looking into the dining-room at the inviting table; "let's sit down at once, for I'm fearfully hungry."

Mary's heart smote her as she thought of the cruel disappointment awaiting her husband; but she could not retract then, and they sat down. In deference to the custom of the Friends, which Aunt Hepsey always observed, they waited a moment in silence; and then, unrolling his napkin, Howard lifted the cover before him, and at the same time took up the carving knife. The puzzled look that overspread his face was comical to behold. He glanced first at Mary and then at his aunt.

"What is thee waiting for?" asked Aunt Hepsey.

"Mary, what does this joke—"

But he did not finish the sentence. He was too quick-witted a lawyer to need an explanation, and of course, to use a professional phrase, it devolved on him to open the case.

"Well," he began, "you have served me right, Mary. I will explain just how it was. I meant to go right to the market, but just as I turned the corner, Mr. Wallace met me and said he wanted to consult with me at once, so I was obliged to go straight to the office. It was an hour before I was done with him, and his case was such an important one that it put everything else out of my head; and, to tell you the truth, I did not think of that order again until I lifted this cover. But you have done right, Mary, and I would not care, if you and Aunt Hepsey only had something good to eat."

"But we are not going hungry, or you either, darling," she answered. "There's a cold lunch in the pantry for us—only I—I—wanted you to see how it seemed to forget the dinner."

"Well, I'll take all the blame, my dear," said Howard, "and make a piece of pie answer for dinner; but I won't forget that order this afternoon, you may be sure of that."

So the three satisfied their appetites as best they could, and Howard went away, declaring that he never would be so careless again. But it was quite evident that the lesson had been in a measure lost upon him, and that it had not occurred to him, even for a moment, that his wife experienced any real inconvenience on account of his forgetfulness and negligence. He looked at the whole affair as a game that two could play at, and now that Mary had had her revenge on him, he was disposed to call it quits.

Aunt Hepsey saw all this, although her confiding niece did not, and when Howard was gone she said to Mary: "Now thee must carry thy discipline a little further. If the dinner is sent home this afternoon, it must be cooked to-morrow, thee knows, so that thee will have the best of reasons for declining to go to ride when Howard comes."

"But, Aunt Hepsey, I want to go just as much as he does, and it would be right down cruel to disappoint Howard when he has worked so hard to get the time!"

"Yes, as cruel as for him to disappoint thee about the dinner. I dare say it will be hard for thee to take the course I have proposed; but thee may be sure that thy own future peace, as well as Howard's, depends on his seeing for himself what an annoyance he subjects thee to every time he forgets to do his part."

"And do you mean that I ought not to go to ride with him?"

"If thee would convince him of his fault, thee better do as I tell thee; and when he comes, say to him that thee must cook the dinner that was not provided in season to-day, and so thee can not go to ride. Trust me, if thee does so, thee will have no further trouble about the matter."

"Well, I will do so, Auntie, because you advise it; but I think it is very hard."

"And thee thought it very hard to have all thy plans spoiled to-day, did thee not?"

Mary said no more about the matter, but determined to try the experiment, for her own better judgment told her the advice was good.

Howard faithfully kept his promise that afternoon, and when he returned home at night had apparently forgotten what had happened at noon, and was in an unusually happy state of mind. "About ten o'clock," said he, as he started for the office next morning, "you may expect me to come for you and auntie."

And promptly at ten o'clock he appeared, left his horse at the door, and came running in, expecting to find Mary and his aunt all dressed to go.

"Why, I thought I should find you all ready," he exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, as he found Mary in the kitchen with her morning calico on, busy with her cares.

"But what was I to do with the dinner you sent home last night?" she inquired, appealing to him.

"You don't mean to let that keep you home, do you?" he asked, a little impatiently.

"What else can I do?" she responded, still appealing to him.

"Why, let it go until we return. Here's Aunt Hepsey all ready to go. Now, don't spoil all the pleasure for her and me too."

The tone in which this was uttered sounded harsher than anything Mary had ever heard her husband say before, and it required all the resolution she possessed to answer without betraying her real feelings; but she repressed the tears that came into her eyes, and answered firmly:

"No, Howard, I can not go this morning; you know how my plans were disarranged yesterday, and to-day I must attend to the cooking. But auntie will go with you, and you will have a good time."

Her decision surprised Howard at first, and his pride was a good deal piqued at the implied censure of his own neglect. He would have argued the case, but something in Mary's tone and manner told him it would be useless; so, in no very happy mood, he gave her a silent kiss, helped his aunt into the carriage, and drove away; nor did he know the bitter tears his brave little wife shed during the first half hour after they were gone.

For some time the two rode on without speaking, Aunt Hepsey thinking it best to let Howard break the silence if he would; and he, on his part, evidently thinking very intently, though his reflections did not appear to afford him much pleasure. At length he asked, as though desiring information:

"Aunt Hepsey, why do you suppose Mary declined to go with us this morning?"

"What does thee think about it? Come, thee is a good reasoner; what is thy opinion?"

Howard understood his aunt well enough to be sure she had an object in thus throwing him back upon himself, so he only answered, negatively, at first:

"She didn't stay at home just for that dinner, I know."

"I dare say thee's right," replied his aunt; and then there was a long silence again, in which it was evident that Howard continued his thinking. By and by he ventured a step further, but with all of the professional caution to which he was trained.

"Well, if I didn't know that it was impossible, I should think Mary was sick of me, or offended at something."

"I don't think she is offended," pursued his aunt, "but does thee think thee has given her any occasion to feel troubled?"

Howard was politic again, and considered some minutes before he replied by asking:

"Why, does my forgetting the dinner now and then really disturb Mary so much?"

"The has hit the case exactly, Howard," said his aunt; and then she went on to show him, in her mild but convincing way, how much his negligence had troubled Mary, and how it was destroying her peace of mind and making her miserable.

Howard listened in silent attention, for he was keen enough to grasp the whole bearings of the case at once, and at heart he loved his wife very fondly, and would not for the world have caused her pain. When she had finished he simply said: "We'll turn round now," and drove rapidly home without another word.

When they reached the house, he scarcely waited to help his aunt out of the carriage, but ran in to find Mary; and Aunt Hepsy very prudently kept out of sight until she was called to dinner. Howard and Mary both looked very happy when they rejoined their guest at the table; and though the subject of this sketch was never alluded to, and years have passed since the trouble occurred, Aunt Hepsey's plan was effectual.—*Woman's Journal.*

Just an Average Sample.

The occupant of an office on Grand River avenue sat at his desk, when a mild-faced stranger entered, and passed the time of day, and asked:

"Would you let me sit at your desk a moment and use your pen?"

"Certainly."

"Can I use a sheet of your paper?" continued the man, as he seated himself.

"Oh, yes."

"Thanks. You may hang up my hat if you will. I can never sit for any length of time with my hat on."

His hat was given a place on the rack, and for ten minutes he was busy writing. As he finished he asked for an envelope, and when he had sealed it he said:

"Pardon the liberty, but can you spare me a stamp?"

He was given one, and after he had licked it on he weighed the letter in his hand and remarked:

"I'm afraid that's too heavy for three cents. Perhaps you'd better put on another."

A second stamp was handed him, and he then observed:

"I'll leave the letter for you to mail as you go down."

"Very well."

"And as it is an important missive, allow me to suggest that if you should go to the post-office on purpose to mail it, I would take it as a great favor. Thanks for your kindness. Please reach my hat, and as I suffer a great deal from the sun, I will borrow your umbrella until I pass this way again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sufficient Issue.

The Democratic party is sometimes described by its enemies as a party in search of an issue. If that description was ever accurate, the enemies of the Democratic party have now rendered it inapplicable. The issue of the next campaign, and of the next, and of the next, has been supplied by the Republican leaders in Congress. Kelley and Kasson and Keifer and Robeson and Reed and Hiscock by mere folly and mere jobbery have done more to show the country that a change in the political control is absolutely necessary than could have been done by the wisdom and the integrity of any equal number of Democratic leaders.

Colonel Conkling put the case in a nut-shell in the interesting interview reported in yesterday's *World*. He said that nothing was needed to secure the success of the Democratic party except that it should be "Democratic in principles and practice as well as in name." Colonel Conkling, though a Democrat for ten years past, is a representative of a large and increasing number of men who would be very glad to abandon the Republican party if the Democratic party will let them. To the Republicans, being the party in possession, no "issue" is necessary. It is the party that seeks to turn them out which must affirmatively show cause why they should be turned out. The Republicans have the control of the Federal offices, which they are using with an unscrupulousness beyond all precedent to add to the corruption fund they are otherwise amassing, and they have a complete and efficient organization, besides the "nine points of the law" inherent in possession. It is true they have nothing to say for themselves. Their Congress is openly managed with the purpose of preventing a reduction of taxation by making away with the surplus their monstrous taxes have produced. They are spending at the spigot in order that they may not be compelled to save at the bung. So long as they can empty the Treasury as fast as they can fill it, they have no fear that they will be compelled really to abate taxation. And if the producers of the country can be bribed with a small share of their own money, in the form of "liberal appropriations," not only will Robeson be rich and Reed be rich and Keifer be rich, but the Republican party will remain in power until people have had a chance to forget how Reed and Keifer acquired the money they expect to derive from the transaction. As for Robeson, he is probably aware that social respect in his case is past praying for. The exposure has been too thorough. All that he can reasonably expect is to get more money and keep out of jail.

This seems to be the programme of the corruptionists in Congress. It is founded, it will be seen, upon what we believe to be the erroneous idea that the people of this country will stand anything from the Republican party. They have stood a great deal, and if the Republican leaders would steal in moderation and with some pretense of deference to public decency, the programme might be carried through. But when the country is confronted with a Pension bill of one hundred millions, rushed through under a suspension of the rules, two-thirds of it admittedly to be bestowed upon impostors and claim agents; with a River and Harbor bill, appropriating eighteen millions and a half, two-thirds for jobs; with appropriations for public buildings, mostly needless and all extravagant, footing up ten or fifteen millions more; with Robeson's Naval bill, of which Robeson's advocacy is accepted everywhere as an unmistakable badge of fraud, and with the Northern Pacific job, a clear plunder of the Treasury at the lowest estimate of sixteen millions over and above the whole cost of the road, protected even from discussion by the whitewashing report of Reed and the outrageous ruling of Robeson, the country needs no further evidence that the recognized leaders of the Republican party belong distinctly to the criminal classes. The "issue" whether a gang of public plunderers shall be deprived of an opportunity to steal any more public money is one which the public plunderers have themselves presented to the country and to the Democratic party. It is an issue upon which it is an insult to the country to suppose that its decision can be doubtful.

The plunderers themselves think, as we have said, that they can bribe the owners not to prosecute with a part of the swag distributed in liberal appropriations. They certainly cannot do this if the Democratic party simply accepts the issue they have raised and puts it properly before the country, so that every voter in the land is made aware before the Congressional elections come on what the Republican party has done to entitle itself to the control of Congress for another term. Opposition to public plunder on a scale which makes Tweed's thefts seem mere pilfering is enough of a party platform for such a time as this. And happily the Democratic party need only point to the record of the last House of Representatives which it controlled to show that in driving out a House of Representatives which accepts the leadership of audacious, notorious and all but avowed public plunderers the people will be at least sure of not putting a band of brigands in control of the Treasury.—*N. Y. World.*

—A South Carolina gentleman recognized in a person who sat with him at the hotel table the alms-taking deaf and dumb individual whom he had seen a few days before at a neighboring town. After observing that the lately afflicted man could both hear and speak, he congratulated him with genuine sincerity on his miraculous recovery. The miraculously-recovered regarded the exhibition of kindly interest as an expose of duplicity, and thereupon thumped the aforesaid gentleman unmercifully. This may possibly demonstrate the workings of a guilty conscience; it certainly has taught one man to be less mindful of the worldly affairs of his fellow men.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The *Daily News*, of Griffin, Ga., in notifying creditors to pay up, adds: "The fact is, we have not got enough money to make a respectable assignment, and not enough dead head tickets to get out of the country."

—The newest queer misprint is found in a recent Chicago *Tribune*, where a doctor is said to have felt his patient's "purse."

Accounting for Robeson.

Certain philosophers have held that the souls of men after leaving their bodies pass into the bodies of animals, and, disclaiming any arbitrary basis for this belief, they support it by the fact that there frequently seems to be a remarkable correspondence of the traits of character in certain men and certain animals. But if their theory is correct, is it not reasonable to suppose that the current of metamorphosis might, under certain conditions, flow toward the man as well as from him, and that he might acquire qualities resembling strongly those which distinguish various genera of animals on a lower plane than that occupied by man? Assuming that this may be so, we are advanced a stage in the problem of accounting for Robeson. His attributes are essentially crocodilean. That he belongs to the reptilian family in politics has long been evident to the most indifferent observer. That he is pachydermatous must also be acknowledged by any one who has made a study of his nature. But he is not allied to the elephant, the rhinoceros or the hippopotamus in this respect. He is far more scaly than any of them. Smite him anywhere upon his moral cuticle, even with the cudgel of most damaging facts, and he will turn with as evil, but unmoved a smile as that which illumines the countenance of a denizen of the Nile when his hide has been tickled with a bullet. Like him, too, he is sly, treacherous and greedy, amphibious in his knavery and equally deceitful in his expression of emotion, the emotion of selfishness being the only one he ever experienced. How he ever found lodgment in this country is more than we can tell, and yet he seems to revel in the overflow of the national stream of wealth, or he loves to bask in the ooze and slime of the stagnant lagoons that catch such side currents as break banks when the straining volume passes through the regular channel. We might be equally at a loss to account for the ascendency that he has attained in politics and the deference that is paid to a character like his by his party, but we believe the Egyptians used to keep crocodiles in their temples, where they were fed by the priests and ornamented with gold and precious stones, venerated while living and embalmed and buried with great ceremony after death. This is the kind of crocodile Robeson has striven to be, and he has attained a fair measure of success, even to electing his attendant priest, the reverent spirited Keifer. It is possible that he has a vulnerable spot, but his party has covered him so carefully that profane eyes have not been able to discover it, though the search is getting warmer than even this crocodilus vulgaris fancies.—*Boston Statesman.*

The Pennsylvania Outlook.

In 1857 the people of Pennsylvania elected Willian F. Packer, a Democrat, to the office of Governor. In 1882 a party which has not had control of the State Administration since the year first named will probably return to power and elect Robert E. Pattison to the highest executive-office of the Commonwealth. A quarter of a century under Republican rule has effected the result which might have been expected. At the outset it was believed that the Republican party was based upon eternal justice. Its leaders while not at all superior to the Democratic chieftains in ability or honesty, were thought to have more liberal views on current issues; were regarded as fit men to guide a loyal people in a great crisis, and they were accordingly placed at the front. The emergencies of that day are not those of the present. "The glory has departed from Israel," and the once united and everywhere victorious party which, from the Northern standpoint, upheld the dignity of the Republic, is hastening to its fall.

It has now become nothing more than a machine; it has divided into numerous factions, each of which is impelled by base and selfish motives; its campaigns have become, not the assertion of principle, but mere struggles for the spoils of office. Henceforth the people of the Keystone State will have no sympathy with it. Republicanism, as a partisan watchword, is dead in Pennsylvania.

It is a grand vindication of the *raison d'etre* of the Democratic party, that it has so long maintained its organization and held the masses within its ranks, while unable to reward its adherents with office. The course of a political party, once it is dethroned from power, is generally a downward one. Few men have the courage to yearly stand up that they may be knocked down. Only those who are animated by an overmastering desire for the public good, are capable of sacrificing social standing, personal friendships and business interests.

Contrast the standing of the Democratic party in the North with that of the Republican party in the South. The latter, placed in control by the National Administration, had every imaginable opportunity to propagate its theories and to change former enemies into earnest partisans. Reinforced and supported, as it was, by the men who controlled the Government it might, by very few concessions and kindnesses, have intrenched itself firmly in the control of the Southern States. But what was its course? Just as in the North, its Administrations were so corrupt, their irregularities so shameless, that all good men took part in the revolt against it. To-day there is no Republican party south of Virginia; it exists in the North chiefly by sufferance. The people of Maine have set it aside; Pennsylvania and Ohio will doubtless do the same. With such candidates elsewhere as have been presented in these three States, with the earnest, enthusiastic work which it is capable of doing, the Democratic party may sweep State after State and early in the future again secure control of the National Government.

The Democratic party accepts defeat without discouragement, for it knows that sooner or later right will win.—*Washington Post.*

—An angry young man struck his brother with a stone at Woodstock, Va., and then, thinking he had killed him, and being stricken with remorse, committed suicide. The brother was only stunned. If a man will only stop to think a while before committing suicide, the chances are he won't do it, and will wonder how he could be such a fool as to think of it.—*Boston Transcript*